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Hutcheon

of
Hutcheon



THE

NEW-ENGLAND

COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS;

ADAPTED TO

PRAYER, CONFERENCE AND

CAMP-MEETINGS.

COMPILED BY

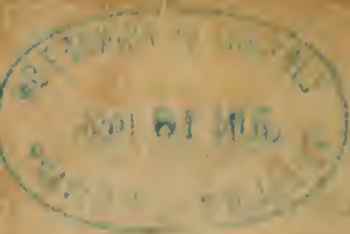
G. C. KELTON.

"O COME, LET US SING UNTO THE LORD."

MONTPELIER. Vt.

PUBLISHED BY G. W. HILL.

1829.



HYMNS.

To Commence Divine Worship.

HYMN 1. L. M.

WHERE two, or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their heavenly Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise :

2 "There," saith the Saviour, "I will be
" Amidst the little company ;
" To them unveil my smiling face,
" And shed my glories round the place."

3 We've met at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word ;
Now send thy spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

HYMN. 2. C. M.

The Jubilee.

- 1 **W**HAT heavenly music do I hear ?
Salvation sounding free !
Ye souls in bondage lend an ear ;
This is the Jubilee.
- 2 How sweetly do the tidings roll
All round from sea to sea ;
From land to land, from pole to pole ;
This is the Jubilee.
- 3 Good news ! good news to Adam's race ;
Let christians all agree
To sing redeeming love and grace ;
This is the Jubilee.
- 4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace,
This is the Jubilee.
- 5 Jesus is on the mercy seat,
Before him bend the knee ;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat ;
This is the Jubilee.
- 6 Sinners, be wise, return and come,
Unto the Saviour flee ;

His Spirit bids you welcome home,
This is the Jubilee

7 Come, ye redeem'd, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony,
While on the road to Canaan sing
" This is the Jubilee."

HYMN 3. P. M.

1. **L**ORD we come before the now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
O ! do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
Lord, we know not how to go,
'Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those that weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;

Those that are cast down lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find,
Thee a gracious God, and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN. 4. C. M.

1 **W**ELL met, dear friends in Jesus'
name,
Come let us now rejoice,
While we our Saviour's praise proclaim
With cheerful heart and voice.

2 But Oh ! dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heavenly Dove ;
Thy blessings now diffuse abroad,
And warm our hearts with love.

3 In vain, dear Saivour, here we meet,
Except thy face we see ;
Thy presence makes a heaven most sweet,
When'er we meet with thee.

4 A dungeon shews a heavenly dawn,
When there with thee we dwell ;
But when thy presence is withdrawn,
A palace proves a hell.

5 Then, O dear Jesus, condescend
 To meet us with a smile ;
 Thy Spirit's quickning influence send,
 And purge our hearts from guile.

6 That at the close each one may say,
 " We met not here in vain :
 " For we have tasted heaven to day,
 " Nor could we more contain."

HYMN 5. S. M.

1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;
 Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love ;
 Sing of his rising power ;
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
 Ascending with our tongue ;
 Sing till the love of sin depart,
 And grace inspires our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;

Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In Christ the eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wand'ers home.

6 Soon shall our raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 6. P. M.

Sabbath morn.

1 **T**HIS morning most sweetly the gales
are all blowing,
Directly the breeze is from mount Calvary
The sepulchre is open'd, the odours are
flowing
Breathe gently, sweet zephyrs, breathe
gently on me!
On this lovely morning, the Saviour was
rising,
The chains of mortality fully despising;
His sufferings are over, he's done agoniz-
ing—
This morning my Saviour will think upon
me.

2 And now to the place that's appointed
 for praying,
 For worship that's social I'll quickly re-
 pair ;
 In service so pleasing, there needs no de-
 laying,
 The stone is roll'd back, and my LORD
 will be there,
 Rouse quickly, my soul, shake off thy dull
 slumbers,
 In melody raise all your heavenly num-
 bers ;
 For Jesus is pleas'd when recounting his
 members
 He finds you like Mary thus early at pray-
 er.

3 With faith in full action, we meet at the
 chapel ;
 There humbly we ask for a power divine :
 Immanuel puts all our souls in a rapture,
 And graciously causes his glory to shine ;
 Our hearts are enliven'd, affections engaged,
 Devotion inspires us, and sinners amazed,
 Behold with what zeal christian warfare is
 waged,
 Against the fell monster, and all his designs.

4 Then trusting in Jesus, our head and
 our leader,
 We'll march on to glory without any fear ;

Each Sabbath revolving brings one Sab-
 bath nearer
 To that blessed morning when he shall ap-
 pear.

His sign in the east he will soon be dis-
 playing,
 The nations to judgment will then be all
 gathering ;
 Till then, we'll adore him, nor ever cease
 praying,
 'Till praises unceasing shall call us from
 prayer.

HYMN 7. C. M.

1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
 For all his kindness shown ?
 My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house,
 My offerings shall be paid,
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever blessed God !
 How dear thy servants in thy sight ;
 How precious is their blood !

4 How happy all thy servants are !
 How great thy grace to me !
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,
 LORD, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine—forever thine—
 Nor shall my purpose move ;
 Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain
 And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
 And thy rich grace record ;
 Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
 If I forsake the LORD.

HYMN. 8. L. M.

1 **J**ESUS ! and shall it ever be !
 A mortal man ashamed of thee !
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine thro' endless days

2 Ashamed of JESUS ! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3. Ashamed of JESUS ! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon !
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till he
 Bright morning star bids darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of JESUS ! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5. Asham'd of JESUS ! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away ;
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain ;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

7 His institutions I will prize,
Take up my cross, the shame despise,
Dare to defend his noble cause
And yield obedience to his laws.

HYMN 9. L. M. 6 *lines*.

1 **T**HE Saviour meets his flock to-day
Shall I in sloth abide at home ?
Shall I behind the people stay,
When Jesus kindly bids me come ?
I'll go it is a place of prayer,
In hope that God may meet me there.

2 How long did faithful Anna wait,
And served the LORD for many years,

Attending at the temple gate,
 With fasting and with many tears ?
 She ne'er forsook the house of prayer,
 'Till the Redeemer met her there.

3 Then Oh ! my LORD, give me the pow'r ;
 And like the saints I'll watch for thee :
 In earnest wait the joyful hour,
 When thou shalt be reveal'd in me :
 Now give the justifying grace,
 And sav'd from sin, show me thy face.

4 Remove temptation, O my Lord ;
 And let mine enemies be slain,
 Which would withdraw me from thy word,
 And plunge me in the world again ;
 And always ready may I stand,
 To take my seat at thy right hand.

Holy Scriptures.

HYMN 10. P. M.

1 **P**RECIOUS BIBLE ! what a treasure
 Does the word of GOD afford !
 All I want for life or pleasure,
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword ;
 Let the world account me poor,
 Having this, I need no more.

2. Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys ;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloy,
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed !

3 When my soul is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find :
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptaion,
Satan cannot make me yield ;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield :
While the scripture truth is sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword ;
Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word.
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and sharp the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miser,
Doating on his golden store ?
Sure I am, or should be wiser,
—I am rich 'tis he is poor.

JESUS gives me in his word
Food and med'cine shield and sword.

HYMN. 11. P. M.

1 **H**OW firm a foundation ye saints of
the LORD,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath
said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

2. In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength
ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-
may'd,
I now am thy God and will still give thee
aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall
lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
The flames shall not hurt thee, I only de-
sign
Thy dress to consume and thy gold to re-
fine.

5 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for re-
 pose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor
 to shake,
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake,

Nativity of Christ.

HYMN. 12. P. M.

1 FROM the regions of love,
 Lo an angel descended,
 And told the strange news
 How the Babe was attended;
 Go, shepherds, and visit
 This wonderful stranger,
 With wonder and joy,
 See your Christ in the manger.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb,
 Through whom we have pardon,
 We'll praise him again
When we pass over Jordan

2. Glad tidings I bring
 To you and each nation;
 Glad tidings of joy
 Now behold your salvation:
 The heavenly hosts
 Unite their glad voices,
 And shout the Redeemer
 While heaven rejoices.

3 Now glory to God
 In the highest is given ;
 Now glory to God
 Is re-echoed through heaven
 Around the whole earth
 Let us tell the glad story,
 And sing of his love,
 His salvation and glory.

4. Triumphantly ride
 In thy chariot victorious,
 And conquer with love ;
 O Jesus all glorious !
 Thy banner unfurl,
 Let the nations surrender,
 And own thee their Saviour
 Their King and Defender.

HYMN 13. P. M.

1 **H**AIL! thou blest morn, when the
 great Mediator
 Down from the regions of glory descends ;
 Shepherd, go worship the babe in the man-
 ger,
 Lo, for his guide the bright angels attend.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-
 ing,
Shine on our darkness, and lend us thine aid,
Star in the east, the horizon adorning
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are
shining,

Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch and Saviour of all!

3 Say shall we yield him, in costly devotion
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the o-
cean,

Myrrh from the forest and gold from the
mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Crucifixion and Resurrection.

HYMN 14. L. M.

1 **H**E dies, the Friend of sinners dies,
Lo! Salem's daughters weep a-
round;

A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:

Jesus the dead revives again !
The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise)
Cherubic Legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints and tell,
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns :
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains !
Say, " Live for ever, wonderous King !
Born to redeem and strong to save !"
Then ask the monster, " Where's thy sting ?
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"

HYMN 15 P. M.

1 **S**AW ye my Saviour !
Saw ye my Saviour !
Saw ye my Saviour, my God ?
O he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
To purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended,
He was extended,
So painfully nail'd to the cross
O he bowed his head and died !
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding,
Jesus hung bleeding,

Three dreadful hours in pain :
And the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the Lamb.

4 Darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land ;
And the sun refused to shine,
While his Majesty divine
Was derided, insulted and slain.

5 When it was finish'd,
When it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made ;
He was taken by the great,
And embalm'd in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail ! mighty Saviour,
Hail ! mighty Saviour,
The Prince and the author of peace ;
O he burst the bands of death !
And triumphant from the earth
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 He's now interceding,
He's now interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live ;
Crying, " See my hands and side,
Father, I was crucified
To redeem them ; I pray thee forgive."

8 " I will forgive them,
I will forgive them,

When they repent and believe ;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconcil'd to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

For Ministers & Missionaries.

HYMN 16. C. P. M.

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, the weakest instrument,
Thy sovereign grace hath ever
sent,
To publish and proclaim
The reigning power and peace of God,
General redemption in thy blood,
And pardon through thy name.
- 2 Whilst preaching gospel to the poor,
My soul impoverish, and secure
By deep humility ;
Safe in thy wounds a novice hide,
Then shall I preach Thee crucified,
And nothing know but Thee.
- 3 To exalt myself I would not speak,
Or, proud of my own talents, seek
The praise of flattering man ;
But serve Thee with a single eye,
And, while thy name I magnify,
Thy approbation gain.
- 4 With pride that I may never swell,
Or my suppos'd importance feel,
Vouchsafe me, Lord, the grace

To loathe myself in my own eyes,
 Myself deny, renounce, despise,
 And take the lowest place.

5 Here may I covet no reward,
 Nor trifles, temporal regard,
 Or reckon earth my home :
 But things invisible desire,
 And wait for my appointed hire,
 Till the great Shepherd come.

6 A life of poverty and toil,
 A thousand lives, one gracious smile
 Of thine will overpay,
 If thou receive me with " Well done !"
 And for thy faithful servant own,
 In that triumphant day.

HYMN 17 P. M.

1 **L**AND where the bones of our fathers
 are sleeping !
 Land where our dear ones and fond ones are
 weeping !
 Land where the light of Jehovah is shining
 We leave thee, lamenting, but not with re-
 pining.

2 Dark is our path o'er the dark rolling o-
 cean ;
 Dark is our hearts ; but the fire of devotion

Kindles within ;—and a far distant nation
Shall learn from our lips the glad sound of
salvation.

3 Hail to the land of our toils and our
sorrows !
Land of our rest !—when a few more to-
morrow's
Pass o'er our heads, we will seek our cold
pillows,
And rest in our graves, far away o'er the bil-
lows.

Awakening and inviting.

HYMN 18. P. M.

1 **H**EAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation :
Published to every creature
Of the ruined sons of nature—

Jesus reigns !

He reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns !

2 See the royal banner flying ;
Hear the standard bearers crying ;
“ Rebels sinners, royal favour
Now is offered by the Saviour”—
Jesus reigns ! &c.

3 Hear ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Ye who've wrought your own undoing ;
Here is life and free salvation,
Offer'd to the whole creation ;
Jesus reigns ! &c.

4 'Twas for you that Jesus died ;
And for you was crucified ;
Conquer'd death and rose to heaven,
Life eternal through him given ;
Jesus reigns ! &c.

5 Turn, unto the Lord most holy :
Shun the paths of vice and folly ;
'Turn, or you are lost forever !
Oh, now fly unto the Saviour—
Jesus reigns ! &c.

6 For this love, let rocks and mountains
Purling streams and chrystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightnings blazes
Shout the great Messiah's praises :
Jesus reigns ! &c.

7 Here is wine, and milk, and honey ;
Come and purchase, without money ;
Mercies flowing like a fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain—
Jesus reigns ! &c.

8 Shout ye tongues of every nation,
Christ has died for your salvation
Shout with joyful acclamation,
Sound aloud the proclamation—
Jesus reigns ! &c.

9 Shout ye saints, make joyful mention
Of him who wrought out your redemption;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty King of Zion—
Jesus reigns ! &c.

10 Now our souls have caught new fire ;
 Brethren, raise your voices higher ;
 Angels, shout the joyful story
 Through all the bright world of glory—
 Jesus reigns ! &c.

HYMN 19. L. M.

1 **SINNERS**, attend, the Saviour's come,
 And calls for wretched souls like you;
 He brings the worst of rebels home,
 Forgives their sins and loves them too !

2 Come, to the feast without delay,
 Before the gospel call is o'er :
 Embrace the Saviour's grace to-day,
 Lest he should go and call no more.

3 Ten thousand souls have enter'd in,
 And found a soul reviving feast ;
 Come then poor souls with all your sins,
 And you shall all be welcome guests.

4 Those happy saints who've gone before,
 Were once in sin as vile as you ;
 O doubt the Saviour's love no more ;
 But come and taste his goodness too.

HYMN 20. P. M.

1. **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 B

Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power ;
 He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance ;
Every grace that brings you nigh,
 Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger ;
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him ;
 This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you are better,
You will never come at all,
 Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him !
Hear him cry before he dies,

“ It is finish’d !”

Sinners, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo ! th’ incarnate God ascending,
Plead the merit of his blood ;
Venture on him, venture freely ;
Let no other trust intrude :

None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels join’d in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name :

Hallelujah !
Sinners here may do the same.

HYMN 21 P. M.

1 COME, poor sinners, seek the Saviour,
Crucified for Adam’s race ;
Let it be thy chief endeavor,
To secure thine endless peace.
*Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name,
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.*

2 In thy death he has no pleasure,
But would have thee turn and live ;

“ Turn,” he cries, thy sins I’ll pardon,
“ And eternal life I’ll give.”

3 Now’s the day of thy salvation,
O improve the gracious day ;
Do not slight his invitation,
But his kind commands obey.

4 Never dream of heaven hereafter,
If thou art not “ born again;”
No external reformation
E’er can save from endless pain.

5 Let not Satan then deceive thee,
By an empty formal show,
With no inward full assurance,
Of redemption here below.

6 Trust to nothing for salvation,
But to Jesus Christ alone;
He’s the only sure foundation,
He’s the chief, the corner stone.

7 Drop thy weapons of rebellion
And Jehovah’s word obey,
Fly to Jesus’ wounds for refuge
And he’ll wash thy guilt away.

8 Ask him now for true repentance
Saving faith and perfect love ;
And for grace of perseverance,
’Till you reach the courts above.

HYMN 22 P. M.

- 1 **N**OW the Saviour stands a pleading,
At the sinners bolted heart ;
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinner's part.
*Sinners, can you hate this Saviour ?
Will you thrust him from your arms ?
Once he died for your behaviour,
Now he calls you to his charms*
2. Now he pleads his sweat and blood-shed,
Shows his wounded hands and feet ;
Father, save them though they're blood-
red,
Raise them to a heavenly seat.
- 3 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day ;
Turn from all your vain behaviour,
O repent ! return and pray.
- 4 O be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife !
Endless joy or dreadful anguish,
Turn upon th' events of life.
- 5 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee !
See what kindness, love and pity,
Shines around on you and me.

6 Open now your hearts before him ;
Bid the Saviour welcome in :
Now receive, and O adore him !
Take a full discharge from sin.

7 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more ;
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store.

HYMN 23. L. M.

Penitential.

1 **O** THAT my load of sin were gone ;
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesu's feet to lay it down !
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet !

2. Rest for my soul I long to find :
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,

The cross all stained with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would—but thou must give the power ;
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come Lord the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay :
Appear in my poor heart appear ;
My God, my Saviour, come away !

Regeneration.

HYMN 24 C. P. M.

1 **W**AK'D by the Gospel's powerful
sound,
My soul in sin and thrall I found,
Exposed to endless woe :
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
“ The sinner must be born again—
“ Or down to ruin go.”

2 Surpris'd indeed, I could not tell
Which way to shun the gate of hell,
To which I then drew near !
I strove, Alas ! but all in vain ;
“ The sinner must be born again,”
Still sounded in my ear.

- 3 I to the law, then ran for help ;
But still I felt the weight of guilt,
And no relief I found :
While sin, my burden'd soul did pain,
“ The sinner must be born again,”
Did loud as thunder sound !
- 4 God's justice then I did behold,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul ;
It was a dreadful load :
This solemn truth did still remain,
“ The sinner must be born again,
“ Or feel the wrath of God.”
- 5 I heard some tell, how Christ did give
His life to let the sinner live ;
But him I could not see :
I read my Bible—it was plain
The sinner must be born again,
Or die eternally.
- 6 But, as my soul with dying breath,
Lay gasping near the second death,
Christ Jesus, I did see !
Free grace and pardon he proclaim'd !
I trust, I then was born again
In gospel liberty.
- 7 Not angels in the world above,
Nor saints could glow with greater love,
Than what I then enjoye'd ;
My soul did mount on eagle's wings,

And glory, glory, I did sing
To Jesus, my dear Lord !

3 Now with the saints I'll join to tell
How Jesus sav'd my soul from hell,
To sing redeeming love :
Ascribe the glory to the Lamb,
The sinner now is born again,
To dwell with Christ above !

HYMN 25. P. M.

1 **H**OW happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above !
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love !

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
When my heart it believ'd
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus's name !

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,

And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

7 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song .
O that all his salvation might see !
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain ;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat :
My glad soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life—giving blood !
Of my Saviour possess,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fullness of God.

HYMN 26. P. M.

- 1 **I**'LL sing a song which doth belong
To all the people round me ;
I'll spread the fame of Jesus's name,
And tell how Jesus found me ;
'Twas in distress and wickedness,
These words he spake unto me—
“ O sinner, come ! in me there's room,
O how these words ran through me !
- 2 I was like Paul who was call'd Saul,
In bitter persecution ;
I did disdain being born again,
And call'd it all “ delusion :”
I fought the saints without restraint,
Too proud to cry for mercy—
Conviction strong did come along ;
O how these things did pierce me !
- 3 I did not know which way to go
My sins appear'd like mountains ;
All fill'd with woe, the tears did flow,
My head was like a fountain :
I thought I've been so long in sin,
How can I be forgiven ?
Then Jesus came, O bless his name !
And fill'd my soul with heaven !
- 4 I raised my voice and did rejoice,
Sang glory, glory, glory,

Then I did learn Jesus was mine,
 O what a pleasing story !
 I love the Lord, I love his word,
 I love all that's around me ;
 Now brethren dear, don't it appear,
 That Jesus Christ has found me.

5 Come, sinners, now to Jesus bow,
 While grace is offer'd to you,
 Come as you are, to Christ repair,
 Or sin will quite undo you :
 With lovely charms and open arms,
 Now Jesus will receive you ;
 Come, sinners come, in him there's room -
 And Jesus he will save you.



HYMN 27. P. M.

1 **C**OME, listenig angels assist me to sing,
 The love of Jesus my heavenly King :
 Great things for my soul he surely hath done,
 All glory to God for the gift of his Son.

2 I wander'd in darkness a stranger to God.
 Refusing his calls; and neglecting his word;
 In romanceand novels I thought I should
 gain
 Some pleasure and knowledge, and honor
 obtain.

3 At length the glad trumpet saluted my
ears,
And thunderings from Sinai, awaken'd my
fears ;
The tears of repentance, they freely did
run,
For slighting my Saviour I cried I'm un-
done.

4 One night while in musing these words
came with power,
“ O do not be troubled, nor doubt any more,
“ Believe thou in God ; believe also in me,
“ In the house of my Father are mansions
for thee.

5 'Tis the voice of my Saviour my soul
then replied,
For me he hath suffer'd, for me he hath di-
ed ;
The blood of his wounds while he hung on
the tree,
Has purchas'd redemption and pardon for
me.

6 Bless the Lord, O my soul, for the work
he hath done,
Such heavenly peace, in my soul he's be-
gun ;
I'll give him the glory while on earth I re-
main ;
When I pass over Jordan I'll praise him a-
gain.

7 My soul is immers'd in a fountain of love,
My heart and my treasure's in heaven above;
Through grace I'm determin'd I'll never give o'er,
Till safely I'm landed on Canaan's fair shore.

HYMN 28. P. M.

1 **W**HEN souls are first converted,
They mount on wings above,
The world thinks they're distracted
Because they're fill'd with love :
They fly from every evil,
And trust in God alone,
They long to get to heaven,
Their most desired home.

2 The world, the flesh and Satan,
Beset them on each hand,
Bestrew their paths with evil ;
Debar them from that land :
But Jesus still invites you,
“ Come follow, follow me,
“ And I will fight your battles,
“ And gain your liberty.”

3 “ O why are you dismayed,”
The Saviour now inquires,

When we are getting ready,
 And just a going to rise ;
 To rise above, triumphing,
 To that bright world of joy,
 Where all things are provided,
 There's nothing to annoy.

4 In hopes of that blest morning.
 When all the saints shall come ;
 And we arrive at heaven,
 Our most desired home,
 I'll try to live a christian
 While here on earth I stay,
 I'll watch and I'll be sober,
 I'll watch and try to pray.

HYMN 29. P. M.

1 **H**OW happy, how loving how joyful
 I feel,
 I want to feel more love, yea more love and
 zeal,
 I want my love perfect, I want my love
 pure,
 That all things with patience I well may en-
 dure.

2 I want to be little more meek and more
 mild,
 More like my blest Master, and more like a
 child ;

More watchful, more prayerful, more low-
ly in mind,
More thankful, more gentle, more loving
and kind.

3 I want to have wisdom that comes from
above ;
I want my heart fill'd with the purest of love,
I want my faith stronger, my anchor-hope
sure,
And like a good soldier all hardships endure.

4 I want to be stripped of all human pride,
All malice and anger I would lay aside ;
From sin and from bondage I want to be free,
And live, my dear Saviour, live only to thee.

5 While suffering, enduring, in duty be-
lieve,
Forgiving if any my spirit should grieve ;
Remembering all times to watch and to pray
And set out anew and begin every day.

6 My treasure, in heaven I want to lay up,
Where no moth or rust will ever corrupt;
Where no thief or robber will venture or
dare,
My heart and my treasure I want should be
there.

7 My faith and my hope, and my love and
zeal,
I want them deep rooted within for to feel ;

My light I want clear that beholders may
see
How faith and good works in sweet union
agree.

8 My union I want with the Father and
Son,
I want that perfected which grace has be-
gun,
With love and sweet union that soothes eve-
ry care,
And with my dear brethren all burdens to
bear.

9 Come love and sweet union to thee I do
call,
I want to feel more love, yea more love to
all ;
O come my beloved, come hasten to me,
And fill up my vessel full as it can be.

10 Come brethren and sisters, both aged
and youth,
And all who are willing to walk in the truth;
Come fill up your vessel with union and love,
Then on our blest journey we'll joyfully
move.

11 When time is no more, from earth we'll
remove,
To dwell in the region of pure light and love,
With Jesus our Saviour, and all holy men,
We'll sing halleluah forever, Amen.

HYMN 30. P. M.

I'LL *praise* thee dear Jesus, delight of my
soul,

I'll *praise* the on times rocky shore—
And sweet shall the tribute of gratitude roll,
Till the sorrows of life are no more.

2 The green shady vestments spread over
the bow'r

Wav'd lightly by zephyrs, disclose
The glory of God and the young fading
flow'r

A land of eternal repose.

3 Unknowing to hope, and the Saviour
above,

I long wandered a stranger below,
While the deep-sighing breeze, through the
echoing groves ;

Emitted sad murmurs of woe

4 At length the wise Counsellor—high
Prince of peace *

Deign'd to visit my humble abode—
From guilt set me free, and from sin spoke
release,

And restor'd a lorn exile from God.

5. Lo ! prostrate before Him, my spirit as-
pires

To join the angelical song,

*Isaiah, lx, 6.

And *praise* a Redeemer with fervent desires,
To me kept a stranger so long.

6 Then, oh ! when He bless'd me, affection
 tion divine,
 What love in his look was expressed !
Long, long may it cheer the despondence
 of mine,
And calm my once troubled breast.

HYMN 31 P. M.

1 JESUS ! my Saviour, I know thou art
 mine,
For thee all the pleasure of sin I resign ;
Of objects most pleasing, I love thee best,
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee
 I'm blest.

2 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was
 blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find ;
And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
Thy mercy reliev'd me, and bid me not fear.

3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals, or angels must
 fail ;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,
I'm rais'd to a rapture, while praising his
 name.

4 I find him in singing, I find him in pray'r,
 In blest meditation he always is there :
 My constant companion, O may we ne'er
 part ;
 All glory to Jesus he dwells in my heart.

5 My Saviour, I love thee, I love thee my
 Lord,
 I love thy dear people, thy ways, and thy
 word ;
 With tender emotions I love sinners too,
 For Jesus hath died to relieve them from
 woe.

HYMN 32. C. M.

WHAT strange desire is this to feel,
 That lifts my soul above,
 Such heavenly joys, and holy zeal,
 And such inflaming love !

2 Nature wears a lovelier face ;
 It never look'd so sweet :
 I see a new and nameless grace,
 In every thing I meet.

3 The landscape smiles as Eden fair ;
 How sweet the vocal groves !
 Ten thousand charms in earth and air,
 And every charm is love.

- 4 What throbs of tender sympathy,
My bosom do distend ;
In every human face I see
A brother, and a friend.
- 5 But O ! through all this smiling scene
Of friend, and field, and flower—
I trace methinks, a heavenly mind,
A more than mortal power !
- 6 O'er all I gaze, and with delight,
But still my longing eye,
Turns upward to another sight
Beyond this lower sky.
- 7 O blessed Saviour, blessed Lord !
What language can express,
How much I prize thy precious blood,
Thy perfect righteousness.
- 8 This is the secret charm I feel,
That carries me above ;
That fills with joy, and fires with zeal,
And sweetens all with love.
-

HYMN 33. L. M. 1

- 1 **W**HEN converts first begin to sing,
'Their happy souls are on the wing,

Their theme is all redeeming love.
Fain would they be with Christ above.

2 With admiration they behold,
The love of Christ that can't be told,
They view themselves upon the shore
And think the battle all is o'er.

3 They feel themselves quite free from pain
And think their enemies are slain;
They make no doubt but all is well,
And Satan is cast down to hell.

4 They wonder why old saints don't sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring—
Ring with melodious joyful sound,
Because a prodigal is found.

5 But 'tis not long before they feel
Their feeble souls begin to reel,
They think their former hopes are vain,
For they are bound in Satan's chain.

6 The morning that did shine so bright,
Is turned to the shades of night;
Their hearts that did with music sing
Are now untun'd in every string.

7 O ! foolish child, why didst thou boast,
In the enlargement of thy coast ?

Why didst thou think to fly away,
Before thou leav'st the feeble clay ?

8 Come, take up arms and face the field,
Come gird on harness, sword and shield ;
Stand fast in faith, fight for your King,
And soon the victory you shall win.

9 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,
Then meet him with these blessed lines,
Jesus our Lord has swept the field
And we're determin'd not to yield.

HYMN 34 C. M.

1 **I**N evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopt my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies of blood ;
He fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look ;
He seemed to change me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there,
- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain,
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
I died that thou may'st live.
- 7 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
My spirits now were fill'd ;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.
-

HYMN 35. 7 & 6.

The heart healed by Mercy.

- 1 **S**IN enslav'd me many years,
And led me bound and blind ;
Till at length a thousand fears
Came swarming o'er my mind.
Where, (I said in deep distress,)
Will these sinful pleasures end ?

How shall I secure my peace,
And make the Lord my friend ?

2 Friends and ministers said much,
The gospel to enforce ;
But my blindness still was such,
I choose a legal course :
Much I fasted, watch'd, and strove,
Scarce would shew my face abroad ;
Fear'd almost to speak or move—
A stranger still to God.

3 'Thus afraid to trust his grace,
Long time did I rebell ;
Till despairing of my case,
Down at his feet I fell :
Then my stubborn heart he broke,
And subdu'd me to his sway ;
By a simple word he spoke—
“ Thy sins are done away.”

HYMN 36. P. M.

1 **D**ANIEL'S wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit show :
John's divine communion feel.
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal,
Run like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day and conquer all.

C

2. Mary's love may I possess,
Lydia's tender-heartedness,
Peter's fervent spirit feel,
Jame's, faith by works reveal,
Like young Timothy may I
Every sinful passion fly.

3 Job's submission may I show,
David's pure devotion know,
Samuel's call, O ! may I hear,
Lazarus' happy portion share ;
Let Isaiah's hallow'd fire
All my new born soul inspire.

4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling pray'r
Gideon's valiant stedfast care,
Joseph's purity impart,
Isaac's meditating heart,
Abraham's friendship may I prove,
Faithful to the God I love.

5 Most of all may I pursue
The example Jesus drew ;
In my life and conduct show
How he liv'd and walk'd below,
Day by day through grace restor'd,
Imitate my perfect Lord.

HYMN 37. L. M.

1 **B**EHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood;

Are they not born to heavenly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys !

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind ?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, a sport and play,
To wear out time and waste the day ?

3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honours of their birth ?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire ?

4 What if we wear the richest vest ?
Peacocks and flies are better drest ;
'This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.

5 Lord, raise our hearts, & passions higher ;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire ;
Then with a heaven-directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.

6 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do ;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

On Prayer.

HYMN 38. L. M.

1 **P**RAYER is appointed to convey,
The blessing God designs to give:

Long as they live should Christians pray
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 The christians heart his prayer indites,
He speak as prompted from within ;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?
My soul, thou hast a friend on high,
Arise and try thy int'rest there.

4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay :
If guilt deject ; if sin distress ;
The remedy's before thee—pray.

5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak ;
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak .
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

6. Depend on Him ; thou canst not fail ;
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
Fear not ; his merits must prevail :
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

HYMN 29. L. M.

ALL those who seek the throne of grace,
Are sure to find in every place ;

To those who love a life of prayer,
Our God is present every where.

2 The shady grove or burning plain,
The blooming field or swelling main,
Alike are sweet in *secret prayer*,
For God is present every where.

3 In pining sickness, or in health,
In poverty or growing wealth,
The humble soul delights in prayer,
And God is present every where.

4 When Zion mourns and comforts fail,
And all her foes do scoff and rail,
'Tis *then* a time for *secret prayer*,
For God is present every where.

5 When some backslide, and others fall,
And few are found who strive at all ;
The faithful find in *secret prayer*,
That God is present every where.

6 Come then, my soul, in every strait,
To Jesus come, and on him wait ;
Who sees and every sigh does hear,
And he will answer all true prayer.

HYMN 40. P. M.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;

I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand ;
Bread of heav'n, Bread of heav'n,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the chrystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through ;
Strong Deliv'rer, &c.
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
Songs of praises, &c,
I will ever give to thee.

· HYMN 41. L. M.

PRAY on, my brethren, in the Lord ;
Pray 'till you feel the power of God ;
Pray 'till he drive your doubts away ;
Pray 'till you see the gospel day.

2 Pray for the mourners ; see their grief ;
Pray 'till the mourners find relief ;

Pray for the wicked every where ;
Pray that garments may be clear.

3 Soon you shall have your hearts desire ;
Our God will answer as by fire ;
You'll see th' effect of fervent prayer,
In the abundant grace you share.

HYMN 42. C. P. M.

TELL me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
The things I lov'd before :
Let me but view my Saviour's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.

2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,
Tell me no more of ease and health ;
For these have all their snares ;
Let me but know my sins forgiven,
But see my name enroll'd in heaven,
And I am free from cares.

3 Tell me no more of lofty towers,
Delightful gardens fragrant bowers,
For these are trifling things ;
The little room for me design'd,
Will suit as well my easy mind,
As palaces of kings.

4 Tell me no more of crowding guests ;
Of sumptuous feasts, and gaudy dress,
Extravagance and waste ;
My little table, only spread
With wholesome herbs, and wholesome
bread,
Will better suit my taste.

5 Give me the bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
And faith to trust the Lord ;
I'd sit alone from day to day,
Or urge no company to stay,
Nor wish to rove abroad.

HYMN 43. C. M.

FAREWELL, vain world, I bid adieu,
Your glory I despise !
Your friendship I no more pursue,
Your flatteries are but lies.

2 You promise happiness in vain,
Nor can you satisfy ;
Your highest pleasure turns to pain,
And all your treasures die.

3 Had I the Indies, East and West,
And riches of the sea,

Without my God I could not rest,
For he is all to me.

4 Then let my soul rise far above,
By faith I'll take my wing ;
To the eternal realms of love,
Where saints and angels sing.

5 There's love and joy that will not waste,
There's treasures that endure !
There's pleasure that will last !
When time shall be no more.

Rejoicing and Praise.

HYMN 44. 6 & 4.

GLORY to God on high :
Let heaven and earth reply—
Praise ye his name !
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
And sing forevermore—
Worthy the Lamb.

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name ;
We who have felt his blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad—
Worthy the Lamb.

- 3 Join all ye ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name,
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice—
Worthy the Lamb.
- 4 What tho' we change our place—
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name.
To him our songs we bring—
Hail him our gracious King.
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.
-

HYMN 45. 8 & 7.

- 1 **O**NE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's
Costly free and knows no end;
They who Jesus' kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could, or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us,
Reconcil'd in him to God.
This is boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name :
 —Now above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same :
 Still he calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften,
 Teach, us Lord, at length to love ;
 We, alas! forget too often,
 What a friend we have above :
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will love thee as we ought.

HYMN 46. P. M.

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
 To my raptur'd vision,
 All the extatic joys that spring
 Round the bright elysian :
 Lo we lift our longing eyes,
 Break, ye intervening skies ;
 “ Sun of Righteousness arise,”
 Ope the gates of Paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light,
 Freely flash before him ;
 Myriads with supreme delight,
 Instantly adore him ;
 Angelic triumphs resound his fame,

Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
 All the musick of his name ;
 Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise
 From their princely station ;
 Shout his glorious victories,
 Sing the great salvation ;
 Cast their crowns before his throne,
 Cry in reverential tone,
 Glory be to God alone,
 Holy ! Holy ! Holy One.

4. Hark ! the thrilling symphonies,
 Seem, methinks, to seize us :
 Join we too the holy lays—
 Jesus—Jesus—Jesus !
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
 Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung—
 Jesus—Jesus flow along.

HYMN 47. C. M.

1 **M**Y soul doth magnify the Lord,
 My spirit doth rejoice
 In him my Saviour and my God ;
 I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy,
 I have a feast at home ;

My sighs are turned into songs,
'The Comforter is come

3 Down from above the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love ;
This is my heavenly feast.

4 This makes me Abba, Father, cry
With confidence of soul ;
'This makes me cry, my Lord, my God,
And that without control.

5 'There is a stream that issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb—a living stream
Clear as the crystal stone.

6 This stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the angels sing ;
One cordial drop revives my heart ;
Hence all my joys do spring.

7 Such joys as are unspeakable
And full of glory too ;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.

Pause.

8 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd

What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd.

9 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love ;
My soul doth leap—but O for wings—
The wings of Noah's dove.

10 Then would I fly far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin ;
Then would my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.

11 There would my soul with angels feast
On joys that always last ;
Bless'd be my God, the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taste.

HYMN 48. 7 & 8.

1 **S**AVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood ;
And my troubled weary spirit
Now finds rest in thee, my God.

2 I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie ;

Sin and Satan cannot harm me.
Whilst my Saviour is so nigh.

3 Now I'll sing of Jesus merit,
Tell the world of his dear name,
That if any want his Spirit,
He is still the very same.

4 He that asketh soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find ;
Whose'er on him believeth,
He will never cast behind.

5 Now our Advocate is pleading
With his Father, and our God
Now for us he's interceding,
As the purchase of his blood,

6 Now methinks I hear him praying,
" Father, spare them—I have died .
And the Father answers saying,
They are freely justified."

—

HYMN 49. P. M.

1 **Y**E children of Zion, who are aiming
for glory,
Enlisted with Jesus, to fight against hell,

New-Canaan's bright borders are now just
before you,
Though Jordan's proud billows its banks
over swell :
Ten thousands have cross'd it, and are now
in heaven,
A shouting and praising the great one in
Seven;
And I hope my Saviour will bring us all over,
In the land of sweet Canaan forever to dwell.

2 This makes my heart merry, it fills me
with glory,
That toiling and laboring one day will be o'er
At the feet of my Saviour I'll there tell my
story,
When sin pain, and sorrow, can reach us
no more :
Be bold and courageous and fear not the
people.
Though they should speak of you all man-
ner of evil ;
Altho' hell enrages, yet Jesus engages
To bring us all shouting to Canaan's bright
shore.

3 Like ships on the ocean, we're tost by
commotion ;
But Christ is our pilot, and he's a sure guide.
When sick and afflicted, kind love has a lo-
tion,
Which flows in abundance from Jesu's side.
Though Satan's wild whirlwinds, like del-
uges roaring,

With floods of temptations, as hail a down
pouring ;
Though devils should haunt you, yet let
them not daunt you,
For Jesus rules over the wind and the tide.

4 I feel his love blazing, my spirits are rais-
ing,
Had I angel's pinions, away I would go ;
And see that bright city and hear angels
praising,
And all the enjoyment of glory to know :
'To those blessed Seven, that shine thro' all
heaven,
All glory from saints, and from angels be
given ;
My heart's all on fire—my Jesus draws
nigher ;
His love like an ocean, all through me
doth flow.

5 His love so constrains me, this earth can't
contain me ;
My soul's like a bottle that's fill'd with new
wine :
'Tis grace that supports me, or glory would
crush me,
When flames from sweet heaven all round
me doth shine,
Bright angels attend me where'er I am going
Bless'd Jesus, direct me what'er I am do-
ing ;

A subject of wonder, on which angels ponder,
That beggars are rais'd to a life so divine.

HYMN 50 P. M.

1 **G**LORY to God that I have found
The pearl of my salvation ;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
Up to our heavenly station :
And I'm resolv'd to follow on,
And never to forsake him,
I'll always keep the narrow way,
Till I do overtake him.

2 Fear not, says Christ, ye little flock,
Heirs of immortal glory,
You're built upon the surest rock—
The kingdom lies before you :
Fight on, fight on, ye heirs of bliss,
And tell the pleasing story,
I'm always with my little flock,
And I'll bring them home to glory.

HYMN 51. P. M.

1 **F**RRIENDSHIP to Jesus' followers'
Bringeth a heavenly treasure,
We are commanded, by his laws,
Kindly to love each other.

Then let us leave all enmity,
Happy in peace and amity,
Happy in the eternal 'Three,
Joined in Christ our Saviour.

2 Jesus, unite us by thy love !
Lo, we are waiting for thee ;
Blessings celestial let us prove,
Give us a taste of glory
Leaving all discord far behind
Rivers of peace we then shall find,
While we are thus in friendship join'd
Heaven itself commences.

HYMN 52. C. M.

1 **M**Y God the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers—I am his—

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN 53 8's

1 **M**Y soul doth in Jesus rejoice,
My heart is o'erwhelm'd with
his love ;
With pleasure I hear his sweet voice,
Which calls my affections above.

2 Farewell to all pleasures below,
Which nature and sense do afford ;
Their honours I'll freely forego—
They're nothing compar'd with my Lord.

3 All fulness in Jesus doth dwell,
All fulness of peace and joy ;
His mercy redeem'd from hell,
His blood all my sins shall destroy.

4 From idols and filthiness clean,
Perfected in love I shall be ;

Then rise in his presence to reign,
His glorious perfection to see.

5 Yea, Lord, thy kind word I believe,
My soul on thy promise I stay ;
Thy Spirit the witness doth give.
That like my dear Lord, I shall be,

6 Kind Jesus, impatient I wait ;
Now Lord, the full blessing impart ;
In holiness make me complete,
Then take me to dwell where thou art.

HYMN 54. P. M.

1 **B**RIGHT scenes of glory strike my
sense,
And all my passions capture ;
Eternal beauty round me shines,
Infusing warmest rapture.
I dive in oceans deep and full,
That swell in waves of glory ;
I feel my Saviour in my soul,
And long to tell my story.

2 I feast on honey, milk and wine—
I drink perpetual sweetness ;
Mount Zion yields her rich perfumes
While Christ unfolds his greatness.
No mortal tongue can tell my joys,

Nor can an angel shew them !
Ten thousand times surpassing all
Terrestrial worlds or emblems !

3 My footsteps trace the pleasant mead,
And myrtle fields of odour ;
While groves of spice my noonday shades,
And spreads a richer grandeur.
The chant of seraphs lifts my soul
Till caught with heavenly fire ;
And dying love to me unfolds,
Which tunes my heart the higher.

4 My captivated spirit flies
Through worlds of shining beauty !
Dissolved in love to heaven I cry
In praises loud and mighty ;
I'll here eternal notes employ
In songs of rapturous praises,
O'erwhelming all my pow'rs with Joy,
While all within me blazes !

5 When earth and sea shall be no more,
And all their glory perish ;
When sun and moon shall cease to shine,
And stars at midnight languish :
My joys refin'd shall higher shine—
Mount heaven's radiant glory,
And tell through one eternal day
Love's all immortal story.

HYMN 55. P. M.

1 **O** THOU in whose presence
My soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call ;
My comfort by day,
And my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide
Resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love ?
For why in the valley
Of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove ?

3 O why should I wander
An alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread,
Thy foes will rejoice
When my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion,
Declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone ?
Say if in your tents
My beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone ?

5 This is my beloved,
His form is divine,

His vestments shed odours around ;
The locks on his head
Are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd,

6 The roses of Sharon,
The lilies that grow
In the vales on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty
Of excellence glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

7 His voice, as the sound
Of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death ;
The cedars of Lebanon
Bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain
Of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace ;
From which their salvation
The Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits in his eye lids,
And scatters delight
'Thro' all the bright mansions on high :
Their faces the cherubims

Veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.

10 He looks, and ten thousand
Of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word ;
He speaks, and eternity,
Fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

HYMN 56. P. M.

1 **O** JESUS, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down at
thy feet :
In sacrifice offer my soul flesh and blood ;
Thou art my Redeemer, who brought me to
God.

2 I'm happy I'm happy O wond'rous account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount;
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels my kindred so dear.

3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest !
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be
my song ;
Thy grace shall inspire my heart and my
tongue

4 O who's like my Saviour? he's Salem's
 bright King!
 He smiles and he loves me, he learns me
 to sing
 I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes
 loud and shrill,
 While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

HYMN 57 C. M.

- 1 **H**OW can I sleep while angels sing,
 And all the saints on high
 Give glory to th' eternal King,
 The Lamb that once did die ;
 While guardian angels fill the room,
 And hov'ring round my bed,
 They join in nobler songs to him
 Who is their glorious Head.
- 2 O how can I inactive lie,
 And thoughtless all the night,
 While they celestial spirits praise
 The Lord with all their might ?
 Such joyful spirits never sleep,
 Their joys are ever new ;
 Then O, my soul, no longer cease
 To love and praise him too.
- 3 For I of all the race that feel,
 Or all the heavenly host,

Have greatest cause, with humble zeal,
To love and praise him most.

Did God the Father love men so—

As to give up his Son,
To be a ransom, and redeem
Them from the sins they've done !

4 Did Jesus leave the Father's breast,
That heav'n of heav'ns on high,
And come to earth, this world of woe,
For guilty men to die ?

And has the Holy Ghost apply'd
The blood of Christ to me,
To cleanse my guilty soul from sin,
And set my spirit free ?

5 With me, O heaven and earth, admire,
Who am of all the race
The chief of sinners, and deserve
In hell the lowest place !

Yet mercy here and truth do meet,
And God can justify—

Thro' Jesus Christ's most precious blood,
So vile a wretch as I.

6 No longer then will I lie here,
But rise and praise and pray,
And join to sing while I enjoy
A glimpse of heavenly day :
I'll view the glories of my Lord,

And serve him all my days ;
For what he in his essence is,
My soul shall sing his praise.

HYMN 58. L. M.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness—O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all ;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes;
Though earth and hell my way oppose;
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart ;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon I shall pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O ! may my last expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Christian warfare and triumph

HYMN 59. C. P. M.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilder-
ness,

Who still your bodies feel :

Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode ;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise ,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,

And by his side sit down ;
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope,
It lifts the fainting spirits up ;
It brings to life the dead !
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

HYMN 60. P. M.

1 **T**HE pure testimony, put forth in the
spirit,
Cuts like a sharp two-edged sword,
And hypocrites now are most sorely tor-
mented,
Because they're condemn'd by the word.
The pure testimony discovers the dross,
While wicked professors make light of the
cross,
And Babylon trembles for fear of her loss.

2 Is not the time come for the church to be
gather'd
Into the one Spirit of God ?
Baptized by the Spirit into the same body,
Partaking Christ's flesh and his blood,

They drink in one spirit, which makes them
all see

They're one in Christ Jesus, wherever
they be,

The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the
free.

3 Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testi-
mony,

And let the world hear it again :

Then come ye from Babylon, Egypt and
Sodom,

And make your way over the plain,

Then wash all your robes in the blood of the
Lamb,

And walk in the spirit through Jesus' name,
In pure testimony you will overcome.

4 The world will not persecute those tha
are like them,

But hold them the same as their own ;

The pure testimony cries out separation,
That causes your lives to lay down.

Come out from foul spirits and practices too,
The track of your Saviour keep still in your
view,

The pure testimony will cut the way through.

5 The great prince of darkness is must'ring
his forces,

To make you his pris'ners again,

By slanders, reproaches, and vile persecu-
tion,

That you in his cause may remain,
Then shun his temptations wherever they lay
And fear not his servants, whatever they
say,
The pure testimony will give you the day.

HYMN 61. P. M.

1 **B**RETHREN while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear,
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One that loves us to the end.
Forward then with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below,
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls--come home.

2 In the world a thousand snares
Lay to take us unawares,
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart ;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls--come home.

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet,
None betray us into sin
Like the foes we have within.

Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ shall also conquer these .
 Then the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls--come home.

HYMN 62. C. M.

1 **D**IDST thou, dear Jesus suffer shame,
 And bear the cross for me ?
 And shall I fear to own thy name,
 Or thy disciple be ?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
 And make me truly bold ;
 Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
 Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
 And treat me with disdain ;
 Still may I glory in thy name,
 And count reproach my gain.

4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
 And all my powers resign ;
 Let wisdom point out what is fit,
 And I'll no more repine.

 HYMN 63. 7's.

1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;

2D

Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rds heav'n thy native place :
Sun and moon and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul and haste away,
To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending, seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source :
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face :
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season and you know,
Happy entrance will 'be giv'n ,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heav'n.

HYMN 64. P. M.

2 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountains

Of everlasting love ?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in.

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear ;
And if I hold out faithful
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly :
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid it all adieu,
And you my friends prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles,
And trials on the way,
Then cast your cares on Jesus
And don't forget to pray ;
Gird on the heav'nly armour,
Of faith and hope and love,

And when your race is ended,
You'll reign with him above.

5 O do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend :
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer
And take you home to rest.

HYMN 65. L. M.

1 **T**HERE is a heaven o'er yonder skies,
A heaven where pleasure never dies,
A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
But fear again 'tis not for me.
*But Jesus, Jesus is my friend O hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend.*

2 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
But Jesus &c.

3 Come life, come death, come then what
will,
His footsteps I will follow still ;

Through dangers thick, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.

O Jesus &c.

4 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Yonder's thy Saviour, Friend and King;
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries 'press on', and here's the crown.

O Jesus &c.

5 " Prove faithful, then, a few more days,
Fight the good fight and win the race ;
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
'Thy head a crown of glory gain."

O Jesus, &c.

HYMN 66. P. M.

1 **W**HAT hath the world to equal this,
The solid peace, the heav'nly bliss,
The joys immortal, love divine,
The love of Jesus ever mine :
Greater joys I'm born to know,
From terrestrial to celestial,
When I up to Jesus go.

2 When I shall leave this house of clay,
Glorious angels shall convey ;
Upon their golden wings shall I
Be wafted far above the sky ,

There behold him free from harm ;
 Beauties vernal spring eternal,
 In my lovely Jesus' arms.

3 There in sweet silent raptures wait,
 Till the saint's number is complete,
 Till the last trump of God shall sound,
 Break up the graves and tear the ground
 There descending with the Lamb,
 Ev'ry spirit shall inherit
 Bodies of eternal frame.

4 O tiresome world, when will it end,
 When shall I see my heav'nly Friend ;
 When will my lovely Jesus come,
 And take his weary pilgrims home !
 When shall I meet him in the sky,
 There adore him fall before him,
 And holy, holy, holy cry.

HYMN 67. 11's

1 **O** ZION afflicted with wave upon¹ wave
 Whom no man can comfort, who
 no man can save,
 Surrounded with troubles with terror d¹
 may'd,
 With toiling and rowing thy strength is d¹
 cav'd,
 Loud roaring the billows, now nigh th¹
 o'erwhelm,

But skillful the pilot that sits at the helm ;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power shall
defend

Till he, all victorious, thy warfare shall end.

2 O fearful, O faithless, in mercy he cries,
What tho' high the surges to affright thee
arise :

Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall
stand,

Thro' tossings and tempests I'll bring thee
to land.

Forget thee I will not, I care for thy name,
Engrav'd on my heart, it shall ever remain;
The palms of my hands, when I look on I
see

The wounds I receiv'd, when I suffer'd for
thee.

3 The fearful, the faithless, the weak are my
care,

The helpless, the hopeless I hear their sad
pray'r :

Thro' great tribulation my people I bring,
And when they reach heav'n the louder
they'll sing.

I feel at my heart, all thy sighs and thy
groans

For thou art most nigh me my flesh and my
bones.

In all thy afflictions, though great is thy pain
They all are most needful, not one is in vain.

4 The day of eternal salvation draws near
When Jesus our leader shall dry ev'ry tear,
Our bodies and souls shall his glory partake,
When the trumpets shall sound and the na-
tions awake.

Fight on ye old soldiers, you'll soon be dis-
charg'd,

The war will be ended, your treasure en-
larg'd,

With singing and shouting, tho' Jordan may
roar ;

We'll enter fair Canaan and rest on the
shore.

HYMN 68. C. M.

1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee ;
When will my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold ;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks,
My study long have been ;
Such dazzling views of human sight,
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence ?
What folly's this that I should dread
To die and go from hence !

5 Reach down, O Lord thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my Lord to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see ;
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care,
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 When we've been there ten thousand
years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
'Than when we first begun.

HYMN 69. C.M.

1 **A**RISE and shine, O Zion, fair,
Behold thy light is come ;

Thy glorious, conqu'ring King is near,
To take his exiles home.
The trumpet's thund'ring thro' the sky,
To set poor sinners free :
The day of wonders now is nigh,
The year of Jubilee.

2 Ye Heralds blow your trumpets loud,
'Th'roughout the earth and sky ;
Go spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold the judgment's nigh ;
Blow out the sun, turn up the earth,
Consume the rolling flood :
While every star shall disappear,
The moon turn into blood.

3 Arise ye nations under ground,
Before the Judge appear ;
All tongues, all languages shall come,
Their final doom to hear ;
King Jesus on his azure throne,
Ten thousand angels round ;
While Gabriel with his silver trump,
Echoes the dreadful sound.

4 The glorious news of gospel grace
With sinners now is o'er.
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be blown no more :
The watchmen all have left their walls,

And with their flocks above,
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
And shout Redeeming Love.

5 Come all ye pilgrims of the Lord,
Whose hearts are joined in one ;
Hold up your hands with courage bold,
Your race is almost run :
Above the clouds behold him stand,
And smiling bid you come ;
While angels beckon you away,
To your eternal home.

6 To see a pilgrim as he dies,
With glory in his view ;
To heav'n he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu :
While friends stand weeping all around,
And loath to let him go,
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below.

7 O Christians ! are you ready now,
'To cross the narrow flood ?
On Canaan's happy shore behold,
And see a smiling God !
The dazzling charms of that bright world,
Attract my soul above ;
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
When perfected in love.

8 Go on my brethren in the Lord,
I'm bound to meet you there ;
Though you've to travel the enchanted,
ground,
Hold out and do not fear.
Fight on, fight on, ye conqu'ring souls,
'The land keep still in view ;
And when you reach fair Canaan's shore,
I hope to meet with you.

HYMN 70. H. M.

1 **J**ESUS at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep ;
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot, wise,
My compass is thy word ;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord ;
I'll trust thy faithfulness and pow'r
To save me in the trying hour.

3 The rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie ;
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guard me with his eye :

My anchor, hope, will firm abide,
And every bois'trous storm outride,

4 *Whene'er* becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss ;
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss ;
For more the treach'rous calmn I dread
Than tempest bursting o'er my head.

5 By faith, I see the land—
The port of endless rest :
My soul thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast ;
O may I gain the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and waves disturb no more.

6 Come Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace ;
Waft me from all below,
'To heav'n, my destin'd place ;
There, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind,

HYMN 71. P. M.

1 **W**HEN sorrows encompass me round,
And deepest distresses I see ;
Astonish'd I cry, can a mortal be found,
That's surrounded by trouble like me ?

- 2 Few moments of peace I enjoy,
And they are succeeded by pain :
If a moment of praising my God I enjoy,
I have hours again to complain.
- 3 O when shall my sorrows be o'er,
O when shall my sufferings cease !
O when to the bosom of Christ be convey'd,
To the mansions of glory and peace !
- 4 If souls disembodied can know,
Or visit their brother beneath ;
I hope I shall join you, as shouting you go,
After laying my corpse in the earth.
- 5 May no sorrows be vented that day,
When Jesus hath called me home ;
But with singing and shouting let each
brother say,
He has gone from the evil to come.
- 6 My spirit to glory convey'd,
My body laid low in the ground ;
I wish not a tear on my grave to be shed,
But all join in praising around.
- 7 O'erwhelm'd with the fulness of love,
I then like an angel shall sing ;
Till Christ shall descend with a shout from
above,
And make all creation to ring.
- 8 Our slumbering bodies obey,
And quicker than thought shall arise ;

Removed in a moment go shouting away
To the mansions above in the skies.

HYMN 72. L. M.

- 1 **N**OW to the pilgrims born of God,
In Jesus' name these lines I hand,
To cheer you on your christian road,
And point you to your heavenly land.
- 2 When I am gone and ye survive,
Make the Redeemer's name your theme,
And while these mortal climes ye rove,
The wonders of his love proclaim.
- 3 Soon I shall end your rapid race,
And tread your mortal climes no more ;
But through Jehovah's boundless grace,
Safe shall I reach the heavenly shore.
- 4 No distant space to take my flight,
When I shall close these mortal eyes ;
But in eternal realms of light,
Awake with pleasure and surprise.
- 5 O what transporting seas of bliss,
I then shall sail with sweet delight !
There God my lasting portion is,
Shining beyond conception bright.

6 How will the heaven transporting blaze
 The powers of all my soul employ !
 I soaring still aloft shall gaze
 On that eternal source of joy.

7 Though millions are the hosts above,
 They now in God are all but one :
 And all so ravish'd with his love,
 They nothing know but God alone.

8 My soul so ravish'd in that sea,
 I've lost myself and wond'ring gaze !
 This God is all I feel or see,
 I'm lost in his meridian blaze !

9 I drink, I soar, I gaze, I rove
 O'er these transporting scenes of bliss.
 Still lost with wonder in his love ;
 My soul ! and what a God is this.

10 Ten thousand blazing realms of light
 Proclaim their God, and say, AMEN !
 My soul still soaring in her flight,
 My God is all—I drop my pen.

The female Pilgrim.

HYMN 73 S&7.

1 **W**HITHER goest thou, Pilgrim
 stranger,
 Passing thro' this darksome vale ?

Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail ?

2 PILGRIM thou dost justly call me,
Wandring o'er this waste so wide ;
Yet no harm will e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a GUIDE.

3 Such a guide !—no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise ;
If a Guardian Power befriends thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

4 Yes, unseen, but 'still, believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend ;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He from every harm defends.

5 Pilgrim ! see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale ;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not *then* thy courage fail ?

6 No : that stream has nothing frightful,
'To its brink my steps I'll bend ;
Thence to plunge will be delightful—
There my pilgrimage will end.

7 While I gaz'd—with speed surprising
Down the stream she plung'd from sight

Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel cloth'd with light.

8 Cease, my heart, this mournful crying,
Death will burst this sullen gloom—
Soon my spirit, shouting, flying,
Will be borne beyond the tomb.

A state of declension in Religion.

HYMN 74. C. M.

1 **O**H ! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
And light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb !

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be—
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 9 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
And purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.
-

HYMN 75. C. M.

- 1 SWEET was the time, when first
felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Apply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue ;
And when the evening shades prevail'd
His love was all my song.
- 3 (In vain the tempter spreads his wiles,
'The world no more could charm ;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.)
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;

And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

5 But now—when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns :
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

6 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face ;
I read—the promise meets my eyes—
But will not reach my case.

7 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail—
O make my soul thy care ;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

HYMN 76. C. M

1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas, what numbers do !)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
“ Wilt thou forsake me too ?”

2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r I know,
 To save a wretch like me ;
 To whom, or whither could I go,
 If I should turn from thee ?

4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd,
 'Thou art the CHRIST of God ;
 Who hast eternal life secur'd,
 By promise and by blood.

5 No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart ;
 No love but thine can make me blest,
 And satisfy my heart.

6 What anguish hath this question stirr'd ?
 ' If I will also go,
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
 I humbly answer—no !

HYMN 77. L. M.

1 **W**HILE I to grief my soul gave way,
 To see the work of God decline.
 Methought I heard the Saviour say,
 Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.

2 “ Tho' for a time I hide my face,
 “ Rely upon my love and power,
 “ Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
 “ And wait for a reviving hour.

3 “ Take down thy long neglected harp,
“ I’ve seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer,
“ The winter season has been sharp,
“ But spring shall all its waste repair.”

4 Lord, I obey—my hopes revive ;
Come, join with me, ye saints and sing,
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

HYMN 78. 8, 7 & 4.

1 **O** MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn’d to gladness ;
Bid thy restless fears be gone :
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What though Satan’s strong tempta-
tions,
Vex and grieve thee day by day ;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay ;
‘Thou shalt conquer—
Thro’ the Lamb’s redeeming blood.

3 Tho’ ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within ;
Jesus saith he’ll ne’er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin.

He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,
And thou treadst the thorny road ;
His right hand shall still defend thee ;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God !
'Therefore praise him--
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5 O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love !
Happy songsters !
When shall I your chorus join ?

HYMN 79 8 & 7.

1 **O**NCE O Lord, thy garden flourish'd
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green ;
Then thy word thy spirit nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen !
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

2 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth ?

Old professors, tall as cedars,
 Bright examples to our youth ;
 Some in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below ;
 Some alas, we fear are blighted,
 Scarce a single leaf they show.

3 Younger plants, the sight how pleasant,
 Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
 But they cause us grief at present,
 Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud ;
 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again ;
 O permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain.

4 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in pray'rs ;
 Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares ;
 Break the tempter's fatal pow'r,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
 And begin from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 80. C. P. M.

For a time of revival

1 **T**HE Lord's into his garden come,
 The spices yield a rich perfume,

The lilies grow and thrive.
Refreshing showers of grace divine ;
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.

1 O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become !

The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is hast'ning on
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;

I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me,
Who come to Christ may live.

4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour merciful and kind,
Who will then all receive !

None are too vile who will repent :
Out of one sinner legions went ;
Jesus did him relieve.

5 Come Brethren dear, who know the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on.

Our troubles and our trials here,

E2

Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesus' throne on high ;
It comes in floods we cant contain,
We drink and drink and drink again,
And yet for more we cry.

7 But when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply :
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.

8 There we shall reign, and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly regions ring,
When all the saints get home !
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

9 Amen, Amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there :
Now here's my heart, & here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

HYMN 81. C. M.

The tented grove

1 **W**HEN Israel out of Egypt came,
To seek the promised land—
Were guarded by a fiery flame,
And Moses gave command ;
The towering billows of the deep
Gave them a passage through ;
But Oh ! the fate of Pharaoh's troop,
Lost in the waves below !

2 O camp of Israel, now rejoice,
While in the wilderness ;
For Jordan's stream you soon shall cross,
Then Canaan you'll possess.
Let Zion's sons and Levite's tribe,
And Israel's army move ;
With me prepare to offer prayer
While in the tented grove.

3 Leave all the busy cares of life,
All worldly things behind ;
That you may gather strength of soul,
And fortify the mind ;
For Jesus surely will be there,
To fire our souls with love ;
Therefore I find my heart inclined
To seek the tented grove.

4 Come, let us all join heart and voice,
In prayer and praises too ;

Let sinners weep, and saints rejoice;
There's work for all to do.

By faith we'll claim thy promise, Lord,
Thy faithfulness to prove;
Descend, descend, O sinner's Friend,
Into our tented grove.

5 O how our hearts rejoice to feel
The Holy Ghost descend;
While on our knees we humbly kneel
We find the sinner's Friend;
The spreading flame runs thro' the crowd,
Each heart begins to move;
Tall sinners bow, and cry aloud
All round the tented grove.

6 The falling tear bespeaks the load
That lays upon each heart;
And guilty conscience strikes the soul
With keen conviction's dart;
At length by faith in Christ he claims
His Saviour's pard'ning love,
And shouts of praise for God's free grace.
Ring through the tented grove.

7. The persecuting sons of night
Find nothing more to say;
They either yield, or quit the field,
And Israel gains the day.
The devil's tott'ring kingdom shakes
And its foundations move;
Such prayer we find with faith combin'd
Rise from the tented grove.

3 O sacred ground ! delightful place !
Where God appears to man !
Like Moses we behold his face,
With but a veil between.
But when we rise to Paradise,
To worship God above,
There's happier ground than we have found
While in the tented grove.

HYMN 82. C. M.

- 1 **F**ROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod ;
Arise, my soul and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.
- 2 Not life nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flow'ry road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.
- 3 Not health, nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth that golden load,
Can such delight or comfort show,
As fellowship with God.
- 4 When I am made in love to bear'
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet and kind the strokes 'appear,
Through fellowship with God.
- 5 So when the icy hand of death
Shall chill my flowing blood ;

With joy I'll yield my latest breath
In fellowship with God.

6 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And gain my blest abode ;
There an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

HYMN 83. C. M.

1 **H**ARK ! hear the sound on earth is
found,
My soul delights to hear,
Of dying love that's from above,
And pardon bought most dear.

2 God's ministers a flaming fire,
Are passing through the land ;
Their voice is, hear, repent and fear,
King Jesus is at hand.

3 The Comforter in heavenly power,
Sets home the word of truth ;
The saints in pray'r, cry Lord draw near,
Have mercy on the youth.

4 Young converts sing and praise their King,
And bless God's holy name ;
While older saints, true penitents,
Rejoice to join the theme.

5 God grant a shower of saving power,
On every waiting heart,

On all who try, and humbly cry,
That they may share a part.

6 Come, lovely youth embrace the truth,
Agree with one accord ;
And use your tongue while you are young,
In praising Christ the Lord.

HYMN 84. P. M.

1 **T**HE voice of Free Grace
Cries escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race
Christ hath open'd a fountain,
For sin and transgression
And every pollution,
His blood still flows freely
In streams of salvation
Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who has purchas'd our pardon,
We will praise him again
When we pass over Jordan.

2 That fountain so clear,
In which all may find pardon,
From Jesus' side
Flows plenteous redemption :
Though your sins were increas'd
As high as a mountain,
His blood flows most freely ;
O come to this fountain.

3 O Jesus, ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
Over sin, death, and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious ;
'Thy name shall be prais'd
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands
We will praise him evermore ;
We'll range the blest fields,
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujahs,
Forever and ever.

HYMN 85. C. M.

1 **S**INCE man by sin has lost his God,
He seeks creation through,
In hopes to find substantial good,
In seeking something new.

2 The *new* possess'd like fading flow'rs,
Soon looses its gay hue ;
The bauble then, no longer takes,
The mind wants something new.

3 O could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru,

The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

4 But when a Saviour's love is known,
In him all good we view,
The soul forsakes its vain delights
And treasures up the new.

5 The joys the dear Redeemer gives,
Will bear a strict review ;
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new.

HYMN 86. L. M.

1 **Y**E dying sons of men,
Plung'd deep in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
Which Jesus sends to you :
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame ;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor and blind and lame,
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word,
His messengers proclaim ;

He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name :
Backsliding souls return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Constrain'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near ;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear .
Let whosoever will now come,
In mercy's breast there still is room.

HYMN 87. P. M.

HARK ! brethren don't you hear the
sound ?

The gospel trumpet now is blowing,
Men in order listing round,
And soldiers to the standard flowing.
Bounty's offer'd, joy and peace
To every soldier this is given.
And when from toil and war we cease,
A mansion bright prepar'd in heaven.

2 Those who long in debt have laid,
And felt the hand of dire oppression,
All their debts are freely paid,
And they endowed with large possession.
Those who're sick, or blind or lame—
Maladies are also healed.
Outlaw'd rebels, when they come
Receive a pardon freely sealed.

3 The battle is not to the strong ;
The burden's on the Captain's shoulder,
None so aged or so young,
But he may list, and be a soldier.
Those who cannot fight nor fly,
Beneath his banner find protection ;
None who on his name rely,
Shall be reduced to base subjection.

4 Ye need not fear, the cause is good,
Come, who will list and be a soldier ?
In this cause the Martyrs bled
And shouted victory in the fire.
In this way let's follow on,
And soon we'll tell the pleasing story
How through Christ we've gain'd the crown,
And fought our way through grace to glory,

5 The battle brethren, is begun ;
Behold the army's now in motion ;
Some by faith behold the crown,
And almost grasp their future portion.
Shout the victory, sing aloud ;
Immanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling—
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.

HYMN 88. C. M.

1 **T**HERE is a fountain, fill'd with
blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;

And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day ;
O may I there as well as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never loose its power—
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this lisping, stam'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

HYMN 89. P. M.

1 **D**ROOPING saints no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious ;
If in Christ you do believe,
You will find him precious.

- 2 Jesus now is passing by,
Call the mourners to him ;
He has died, for you and I,
Now look up and view him.
- 3 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs a healing fountain ;
See the consolation tide,
Boundless as the ocean.
- 4 See the living waters move,
For the sick and dying ;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.
- 5 Grace's store is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden ;
Jesus calls—" come unto me,"
Weary, heavy laden.
- 6 Though your sins, like mountains high,
Rise and reach to heaven ;
Soon as you, on him rely,
" All shall be forgiven."
- 7 Now methinks, I hear one say,
I will go and prove him ;
If he takes my sins away ;
Surely I shall love him.
- 8 Yes, I see the Father smile,
Smiling moves my burden ;

All is grace, for I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.

9 Streaming mercy, how it flows,
Now I know, I feel it ;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.

10 Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,
O the wondrous story,
I was lost, but now am found,
Glory ! Glory ! Glory !

11 Glory to my Saviour's name,
Saints are bound to love him ;
Mourners you may do the same,
Only come and prove him.

12 Hasten to the Saviour's blood,
Feel it, and declare it ;
O that I could sing so loud,
That all the world might hear it.

13 If no greater joys are known,
In the upper regions ;
I will try to travel on,
In this pure religion,

14 Heaven's here, and heaven's there
Glory's here, and yonder ;
Brightest seraph's shout Amen,
While all the angels wonder.

HYMN 90. P. M.

1 **B**RETHREN we are met for wor-
ship,

And to adore the Lord our God ;
Will you pray with all your power,
While we wait upon the Lord ?
All is vain unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One comes down ;
Brethren pray, and heavenly manna
Will be shower'd all around.

2 Don't you see poor sinners round you,
Slumbering on the brink of woe ?
Death is coming, hell is moving,
Can you bear to let them go ?
See your fathers, and your mothers,
And your children sinking down—
Brethren pray with all your power,
And the blessing will come down.

3 Don't you see the poor backsliders,
Who were once near heaven's door ;
But they've wander'd from the Saviour,
And are worse than heretofore.
But the Saviour offers pardon,
If they will to him return ;
Brethren pray with all your power,
And the blessing will come down.

4 Sisters will you join and help us,
Moses' sister helped him ;

Will you seek the trembling mourners
 Who are struggling hard with sin !
 Tell them all about the Saviour,
 Tell them that he will be found ;
 Sisters pray with all your power,
 And the blessing will come down.

Let us love the Lord supremely,
 Let us love each other too ;
 Let us love and pray for sinners,
 Till the Lord creates them new.
 Soon he'll call us home to glory,
 At his table we'll sit down ;
 Christ will gird himself and serve us,
 With sweet manna all around,

HYMN 91. C. M.

Ye must be born again.

1 **SINNERS**, this solemn truth regard !
 Hear all ye sons of men ;
 For Christ the Saviour hath declar'd
 " Ye must be born again."

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood
 The sinners boast is vain ;
 Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
 " Ye must be born again."

3 Our nature's totally deprav'd—
 The heart a sink of sin ;

Without a change we cant be sav'd :
“ Ye must be born again.”

HYMN 92 7's.

- 1 **J**ESUS CHRIST hath power alone,
To subdue a heart of stone,
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.
2. When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died ;
One with vile blasphemous tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death,
—Perish'd as too many do,
With a Saviour in his view.
- 4 But the other touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case ;
Faith receiv'd to own his Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.
- 5 Lord, he pray'd, remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be .
“ Soon with me,” the Lord replies,
“ Thou shalt be in Paradise.”

6 This was wond'rous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need ;
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You will find him still the same.

7 But beware of unbelief,
Think upon the harden'd thief !
If the gospel you disdain,
Christ to you has died in vain.

HYMN 93. P. M.

1 **S**INNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above ?
Every sentence—O how tender !
Every line is full of love ;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim.
To repenting sinners—" Pardon,
" Free forgiveness in his name."
How important !
Free forgiveness in his name

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour ;
Fearful hearts they quell your fears ;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears ;

Mourning sinners,
Christ for your relief appears.

4 False professors, grov'ling worldlings
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford ;
We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our report believed :
Who receiv'd the joyful word ?
Who embrac'd the news of pardon ?
Offered to you by the Lord ?
O receive it !
Offered to you by the Lord.

6 Now the angels hovering round us,
Wait the tidings to convey
To the blissful courts of heaven,
That a soul is born to day :
Wait ye Seraphs !
Sinners, come, without delay.

HYMN 94. C. P. M.

1 **G**LORY to God, we hear the sound
Of reformation all around
And souls are born anew ;
We hear the bridegroom's charming voice

While sinners bow and saints rejoice,
And converts are not few.

2 While angels sing in heaven above,
And saints on earth do feel that love,
That floods can never drown ;
Let vast creation join to raise
A song to their Redeemer's praise.
While Jesus wears the crown.

3 The glorious Saviour of mankind,
He cures the deaf, the dumb, and blind,
And gives them eyes to see :
Such wond'rous power is now displayed
To heal the sick, to raise the dead,
And set the prisoner free.

4 O wond'rous mercy, grace divine,
Where love doth flow and light doth shine,
We hear salvation sound ;
While high and low, the rich and poor
Receive a crum at mercy's door,
And echo glory round.

5 Now, friends and brethren, all unite,
In social worship take delight
To praise to sing and pray :
While young and old and middle age,
In the delightful work engage ;
O, 'tis a glorious day.

HYMN 95. C. P.M.

1 COME, brethren, let us join and sing
The growing empire of our King,

Who spilt his precious blood ;
 His life a ransom gave for all,
 That he might save our souls from thrall
 And bring us home to God.

2 He rides victorious through the land,
 His saints rejoice—his heralds stand,
 And they aloud do call,
 “ Sinners, repent to Jesus fly,
 While he in mercy passes by,
 And offers grace to all !”

3 The wilderness doth sweetly ring
 With prayer, and praises to the King,
 Who sits on Zion’s hill ;
 The towns and cities hear the voice,
 The sinners mourn the Saints rejoice
 With praise the streets are fill’d.

4 Ride on all conquering King, ride on,
 Thy kingdom come thy will be done ;
 Let heaven and earth agree,
 To sound aloud thy worthy fame ;
 Till all our souls shall be on flame
 To rise and reign with thee.

HYMN 96. C. M.

On the millennium.

1 **T**HE glorious day is drawing nigh,
 When Zion’s light shall come .

She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the morning sun.
The north and south their sons resign,
And all creation bend ;
The church, the new Jerusalem,
All glorious shall descend.

2 The king who wears the golden crown
And holds the flaming bow ;
The holy city shall bring down,
To bless his saints below.
When Zion's bleeding, conquering King,
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars together sing,
And Zion shout for joy.

3 The holy bright musician band
Who play on harps of gold,
In holy order see they stand,
Fair Salem to behold !
Descending on sweet melting strains,
Jehovah they adore,
Such shouts through earth's extensive plains
Were never heard before.

4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his time is long ;
The saints, though feeble, weak and poor,
Their great Redeemer's strong.
He is their shield—their hiding place,
A covert from the wind—
A shady rock of boundless grace,
Throughout this weary land.

5 The crystal streams run down from heav'n,
 They issue from the throne ;
 The floods of strife away are driv'n,
 The church becomes but one,
 That peaceful union we shall know,
 And dwell on Jesus' love ;
 And shout and sing his praise below,
 As angels do above !

6 A thousand years shall roll around,
 The church shall be complete,
 Call'd by the glorious trumpet's sound,
 Their Saviour, Christ to meet
 They rise with joy and mount on high,
 They fly to Jesus' arms,
 And gaze with wonder and delight,
 On their beloved's charms.

On heaven.

HYMN 97. L. M.

1 **T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord we
 love,

But there's a nobler rest above ;
 To that our laboring souls aspire,
 With ardent zeal and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin nor death shall reach the place ;
 No groans to mingle with the songs,
 Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes—
 No cares to break our long repose ;

No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred light, eternal noon.

HYMN 93. P. M.

1 **T**HE faithless world promiscuous flow,
Enwraught in fancy's vision :
Allur'd by sounds, beguil'd by show,
And empty dreams, nor scarcely know
There is a brighter heaven.

2 Fine gold will change and diamonds fade,
Swift wings to wealth are given ;
All varying time our forms invade,
The seasons roll, light sinks in shade :
There's nothing lasts but heaven.

3 Creation's mighty fabric all,
Will be to atoms riven,
The sky consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions wreck this earthly ball,
There's nothing firm but heaven.

4 Empires decay and nations die,
Our hopes to winds are given ;
The vernal blooms in ruin lie,
Death reigns o'er earth and sea and sky
There's nothing lives but heaven.

5 The world is poor from shore to shore,
And like a baseless vision ;

Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
And gems and crowns are vain and poor :
There's nothing rich but heaven.

6 A stranger lonely here I roam,
From place to place am driven !
My friends are gone and I'm in gloom,
This earth is all a dreary tomb ;
I have no home but heaven.

7 The clouds disperse, the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven ;
Triumphant grace has quell'd my fears ;
Roll on ye suns, fly swifter years,
I'm on the wing for heaven.

8 Adieu to all below, adieu,
Let life's dull chains be riven ;
'The charms of Christ have caught my
view,
To worlds of light I will pursue,
To live with him in heaven.



HYMN 99. P. M.

1 **T**HIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the the tears of woe,
F2

Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing *true* but heaven.

2 Poor wanderers of a stormy day
From wave to wave are driven,
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light us on the way—
There's nothing *calm* but heaven.

3 And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues at even,
And genius' bud, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There's nothing *bright* but heaven.

4 And where's the hand held out to cheer
The heart with anguish riven ?
For sorrow's sigh and trouble's tear
Have never found a refuge here—
There's nothing *knd* but heaven.

5 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,
Without their sins forgiven ;
True pleasure, everlasting peace,
Are only found in God's free grace—
There's nothing *good* but heaven.

6 From such as walk in wisdom's road,
Corroding fears are driven ;
They're wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,

Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their *way* to heav'n,

HYMN 100. C. M.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight !
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow :
There rocks and hills, and brooks, & vales
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul,
Would here no longer stay !
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
- 8 ' There on those high and flow'ry plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;
But in perpetual joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

HYMN 101. P. M.

- 1 **H**AIL ' ye hosts of seraphs bright
I'm now to join your company,
Forever here to feel delight,
In your melodious symphony,
My cares are ceas'd, my pains are o'er,
I now have reach'd the blissful shore ;
And floods of peace begin to roll,
And burst upon my ravish'd soul--
*O sound His praise, ye heavenly choir,
Who pluck'd me from the flaming fire.*
- 2 Now ye fading things of time,
No more your false attraction,

Shall mar this peaceful soul of mine ;
My joys are everlasting.
Long I've withstood the powers of hell,
And Jesus was my glorious shield ;
Now I've got through the wilderndness,
And glory to my great High Priest.
O sound his praise &c.

3 Jesus looks with smiles of love ;
Angels bid me welcome ;
The patriarchs and prophets old,
Reach forth the hand of friendship :
My christian neighbors here I find,
My kindred and my dearest friends ;
The song of Moses, now I join,
And heaven and glory all are mine.
O sound his praise, &c.

4 Now I see my God, my King !
In grateful admiration ;
His ways, his works, his name I sing,
In flaming adoration.
His everlasting glories shine,
Dispensing life and joys divine,
To millions in these happy climes ;
And heaven and glory all are mine.
O sound his praise &c.

5 Through the boundless fields of light,
My mind is left to ponder ;
Or sail through seas of glory bright,

O glorious scene of wonder !
 Angelic notes in highest strains,
 And holy saints his love proclaim ;
 Loud acclamations to his name,
 Are sounding o'er those heavenly plains,
O sound his praise, &c

Farewell or parting hymns.

HYMN 102. P. M.

Missionary's farewell.

1 **F**AREWELL to my country & home,
 Friends, parents, and relatives dear,
 Across where the wide billows foam,
 I go, yet a stranger to fear :
 To publish the Lamb that was slain,
 Who shed for lost sinners, his blood,
 I brave all the storms of the main,
 And smile at the loud-roaring flood.

2 Shall I count my life dear to do *this*--
 Reap infinite gain by its loss ?
 No--be it my glory and bliss,
 'To count all things else but as dross.
 Oh, weep not ! but dry up your tears,
 Let gladness spring up into your heart,
 And rather than brood o'er your fears,
 Rejoice to behold me depart.

3 Ere long shall the day star arise,
 And righteousness cover the earth,

For Jesus will open the eyes
Of those who were blind from their birth.
The east her hosannas shall raise.
The south will re-echo the the song,
And the west, and the north the loud praise
Of Jesus's love shall prolong.

4 Thus, though in a life-wasting clime
My days I am destined to spend,
And pass the short course of my time
Far distant from country and friend ;
For the sake of my Lord I will go,
And be spent in declaring His love,
Who long can preserve me below.
Or take me to triumph above.

HYMN 103 P. M.

The preacher's Adieu.

1 **A** DIEU ! my dear brethren, adieu ;
Reluctant I give you my hand ;
No more to assemble with you,
Till we on Mount Zion shall stand.
My heart swells with tender regret
To leave your embraces so soon,
Though heaven my course must direct,
And others succeed in my room.

2 Your acts of benevolence past,
Your gentle, compassionate love,

Henceforth in my mem'ry shall last,
Though far from your sight I remove.
While roving the wilds of the west,
When through foreign regions I steer,
Still friendship inspiring my breast,
Shall then drop her own native tear.

3 Our labours will shortly subside,
For vigour and life must decay,
But wisdom and truth shall abide,
To pilot our souls on the way.
As time rolls his seasons around,
And truth shall new teachers inspire,
O may we in love still abound,
And after new conquests aspire.

4 Our seasons of converse are o'er,
Till mortal commotions are past,
Till nature and time are no more,
Or we are in Paradise blest.
Sweet comforting spirit draw near,
And shed forth thy luminous rays,
My parting reflections to cheer,
And change lamentation to praise.

5 O may we conform to his will,
Aspiring for glory and peace,
Our covenant vows to fulfil,
Till Jesus shall sign our release.
Till suddenly wafted above,
Where saints in sweet harmony meet,

To feel all the pleasures of love,
And each happy conquerer greet.

HYMN 104. S. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 'This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free ,

And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

HYMN 105 P. M.

1 JESUS, grant us all a blessing ;
Send it down, Lord from above .
May we all go home a praying,
And rejoicing in thy love.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
'Till we all shall meet again.

2 Jesus pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been :
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
'Till we all shall meet again.

3 May thy blessings, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home ;
And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us every one.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
'Till we all shall meet again.

HYMN 106. C. M.

1 OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented join'd in one

One heart, one hope, one faith, one voice,
 'Tis heaven on earth begun :
 Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake,
 And glow'd with sacred fire ;
 He stoop'd and talk'd, and kindly bless'd
 And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.
" A Saviour !" let creation sing !
" A Saviour !" let all heaven ring !
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fulness in our souls he pours ;
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're following those who've gone before
We soon shall reach the peaceful shore,
Where we shall meet to part no more.

2 The little cloud increases frst,
 In heaven are signs of rain ;
 We wait to feel the heavenly shower,
 And all its moisture drain :
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows !
 But pour a mighty flood ;
 Awake the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim thee God.
" A Saviour, let, &c !"

3 When thou thy jewels shalt make up,
 And set thy starry crown,
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own ;
 May we, a little band of love,
 Be children sav'd by grace,

From glory into glory chang'd
 Behold thee face to face.
"A Saviour !" let &c.

—
Hymns on various subjects.

HYMN 107. 12 & 11.

The Family Bible.

1 **H**OW painfully pleasing the fond recollection.

Of youthful connexions, and innocent joy ;
 When blest with parental advice and affection,

Surrounded with mercies—with peace from on high :

I still view the chairs of my father and mother,

The seats of their offspring as ranged on hand ;

And that richest of books which excels every other—

That family Bible that lay on the stand.

The old fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,

The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,

At morn and at evening could yield us delight ;

And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,

For mercy by day—and for safety through
night.

Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony
swelling,

All warm from the heart a family band,
Half rais'd us from earth to that rapturous
dwelling,

Described in the Bible, that lay on the stand.
The old fashioned Bible. &c.

3 Ye scenes of tranquility—long have we
parted,

My hope's almost gone, and my friends are
no more ;

In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted.
And wander and sigh—on a far distant shore.

Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's pro-
tection,

Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand ;
Oh ! let me with patience receive his cor-
rection,

And think on the Bible that lay on the stand.
The old fashioned Bible, &c.

HYMN 108. P. M.

1 **W**HEN shall I see the day
That ends my woes ;
When shall I vict'ry gain
O'er all my foes ;
When shall the trumpet sound

That calls the exile home.
The grand sabbatic year,
When will it come ?

2 A crown of glory bright,
By faith I see,
In yonder realms of light
Prepared for me.—
O, may I faithful prove,
And keep the prize in view ;
And through the storms of life,
My way pursue.

3 Jesus be thou my guide,
My steps attend ;
O keep me near thy side,
Be thou my Friend ;
Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard ;
And when my work is done,
My great reward.

4 O how I long to see
That happy day,
When sorrow, sin and pain
Shall flee away ;
When all the heavenly tribes
Shall find their long sought home—
The Jubilee of heaven,
When will it come ?

HYMN 109. P. M.

1 COME ye that love my Lord and
Master,

And like king David I will tell ;
Though chief of sinners I found favor,
By grace redeem'd from sin and hell.
Far as the East from the West is parted,
So far my sins by his precious blood
From me by faith are separated ;
Blest antepast of joys above.

2 I late a stranger from Jesus wander'd,
And thought each dang'rous poison good ;
Till he in mercy and love pursu'd me,
With cries of his redeeming blood—
But like Bartimeus I was blinded,
In nature's darkest night conceal'd ;
But Jesus' kindness remov'd my blindness,
And he his pard'ning love reveal'd.

3 Now will I praise him while he spares me
And with God's people sing aloud ;
Tho' hell oppose and sinners scorn me,
With songs of rapture I'll praise my God ;
By faith I view the heavenly concert.
They sing aloud their Saviour's love :
O with desire my heart's on fire ;
Fain would I shout with those above.

4 The happy day is fast approaching,
When Christ in glorious clouds shall come,
With sounding trumpets, and shining angels,

To take each faithful follower home :
There's Abrah'm, Isaac, & all the prophets,
With holy seraphs at God's right hand ;
There saints and angels join'd in concert,
Shout as they enter the promis'd land.

HYMN 110. S. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone ;
The evening shades appear .
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun ;
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove ;

O may we in thy bosom rest—
The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 111. L. M.

Evening hymn.

1 **S**LEEP, downy sleep, come close my
eyes,
Tir'd with beholding vanities :
Welcome' sweet sleep, that driv'st away
The toils and follies of the day.

2 On thy soft bosom let me lie,
Forget the world—and learn to die ;
O Israel's watchful Shepherd spread,
Thy guardian angels round my bed.

4 Let not the spirits of the air,
While I repose, my soul ensnare ;
But guard thy suppliant free from harms
Clasp'd in thine everlasting arms.

HYMN 112. L. M. 6 lines.

Morning hymn.

1 **S**OON as the morn salutes your eyes,
And from sweet sleep refresh'd you
rise,
Think on the Author of the light,
G

And praise him for that glorious sight ;
His mercy infinite adore ;
His goodness infinite implore.

2 At noon, of what you then partake,
An off'ring of thanksgiving make ;
And of the creatures for your use,
Be not luxuriously profuse ;
For temp'rance, when with prudence join'd,
Brings health of body, peace of mind.

3 Make not, at night, the least repose,
Ere you to heav'n your souls disclose ;
Consider how you've spent the day,
And for divine protection pray ;
For you no blessing can expect.
If you to ask it should neglect.

HYMN 113. L. M.

Morning hymn.

1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice. }

2 Lord I my vows to thee renew !
Scatter my sins like morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

3 Direct, controll, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

4 Praise God from whom all blessings flow
Praise him all creatures here below :
Praise him above, angelic host ;—
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 114. 7s.

Morning hymn.

1 **N**OW the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come :
Lord, we would be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noon-day clear,
Banish every doubt and fear ;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help us labour, help us pray,

3 Keep our haughty passions bound,
Save us from our foes around ;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from ev'ry sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us then at last !

Night of sin will be no more,
When we reach the heav'nly shore.

HYMN 115. 8's.

1 **W**HEN Joseph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted and trembling with fear,
His heart with compassion was fill'd ;
From weeping he could not forbear.
Awhile his behaviour was rough,
To bring their past sins to their mind ;
But when they were humbled enough,
He hasten'd to shew himself kind.

2 How little they thought it was he
Whom they had ill-treated and sold !
How great their confusion must be
As soon as his name he had told !
“ I'm Joseph your brother,” he said,
“ And still to my heart you are dear ;
“ You sold me, and thought I was dead,
“ But God, for your sakes, sent me here.”

3 Though greatly distressed before,
When charg'd with purloining the cup,
They now were confounded much more,
Not one of them durst to look up.
“ Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
“ Forgive us the evil we did ;
“ And will he our household maintain ?
“ O this is a brother indeed !”

4 Thus dragg'd by my conscience I came,
Full laden with guilt, to the Lord,
Surrounded with terror and shame,
Unable to utter a word.

At first he loo'k stern and severe ;
What anguish then pierced my heart !
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence, " Thou cursed, depart ! "

5 But O ! what surprise when he spoke,
While tenderness beam'd in his face ;
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace :
" Poor sinner—I know thee full well,
" By thee I was sold and was slain ;
" But I died to redeem thee from hell,
" And raise thee in glory to reign.

6 " I'm Jesus, whom thou hast blasphem'd,
" And crucifi'd often afresh ;
" But let me henceforth be esteem'd
" Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh :
" My pardon I freely bestow,
" Thy wants I will fully supply ;
" I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
" And soon will remove thee on high."

7 " Go, publish to sinners around.
(That they may be willing to come,)
" The mercy which now you have found,
" And tell them that yet there is room.
O, sinners, the message obey !
No more vain excuses pretend ;

But come, without further delay,
'To Jesus our brother and friend.

HYMN 116. L. M. 12 lines.

Immanuel.

1 **H**AIL ! God the Father, glorious light !
Hail God the Son, my soul's delight !
Hail ! Holy Ghost, eternal three !
One God to all eternity.

Ye glittering orbs around the skies,
But speak His glory in disguise ;
Your silent language ne'er can tell,
The wisdom of Immanuel.

Tall mountains that becloud the sky,
With all the hills that round you lie,
While time endures you ne'er can tell,
The wisdom of Immanuel.

2 Ye trembling seas, with dismal roar,
Whose billows roll from shore to shore .
Your thund'ring language ne'er can tell
The power of Immanuel.

Ye worlds on worlds, with all your throng,
Through ev'ry clime extend the song ;
He sav'd us from a gaping hell,
Yes—Glory to Immanuel.

Behold ! him leave his ancient throne :
Behold ! him bleeding, hear him groan .
Death's iron chains, would fail to tell,
The strength of King Immanuel.

3 Behold him take his ancient seat,
And millions bowing at his feet ;
He's conquer'd all the host of hell,
Yes, Glory to Immanuel.
His fame shall spread from pole to pole,
While glory rolls from soul to soul;
The gospel word goes far to tell,
The fame of King Immanuel.
While I am singing of his name,
My soul begins to feel the flame,
I'm full ! I'm full ! but ne'er can tell,
The glory of Immanuel.

4 I long to hear the trumpet sound,
And see his glory blaze around,
'Then will I shout and sing and tell,
Redemption through Immanuel.
Ten thousand thousand in a throng,
Ten thousand thousand join the song,
The Saviour has done all things well,
Yes, Glory to Immanuel.
My soul's transported with those charms,
I long to be in Jesus' arms,
My loving brethren, all farewell,
I'll go to meet Immanuel.

HYMN 117. P. M.

1 **P**OOOR mourning souls in deep distress,
Making sad lamentation ;

Find their souls dead in wickedness,
And under condemnation :
Bright thunderbolts from Sinai's mount,
Do sound with loudest terror,
While they are lost in God's account,
O'erwhelm'd with grief and sorrow.

2 Ah, woe is me that I was born—
My soul's in grief and trouble ;
I seek for rest from night to morn,
Yet find my sorrows double.
Saith Satan, fatal is your state,
You once might have repented ;
But now you know it is too late,
So make yourself contented.

3 How can I live so much distress,
Under this sore temptation ?
I fear my day of grace is past—
Lord, hear my lamentation !
For I am weary of my life,
I long to be forgiven—
Come then, dear Saviour of the world,
And fit my soul for heaven !

4 But who is He that looketh forth,
Just like the blooming morning,
Fair as the moon—clear as the sun,
'Tis Jesus Christ adorning :
Jesus can clothe my naked soul,
Jesus for me hath died

And now I can with pleasure sing,
My wants are all supplied.

5 Now peace, and joy, and love divine,
Into my soul are flowing—
My will, O Lord be lost in thine,
While through this world I'm going ;
And when thou call'st my soul away,
I'll rise and sing in glory !
And join with all the heavenly hosts,
And cast my crown before thee.

HYMN 118. P. M.

'Tis all for the best.

1 **M**Y soul now arise, ~~and~~
My passions take wing,
Look up to the skies,
And cheerfully sing ;
Let God be the object,
In praises address'd,
And this be my subject,
'*Tis all for the best.*

2 Search all the world through,
Examine and see,
And what canst thou view
More suited to thee,
Than this declaration,
In scripture express'd,

That God thy salvation,
Does all for the best.

3 Though here day by day
His love shall see good,
Upon thee to lay
His Fatherly rod ;
Yet be not dejected,
However oppress'd ;
Though sorely afflicted,
'Tis all for the best.

4 On creatures below
I'll not set my heart,
For surely I know
We shortly must part :
For though when God gives them,
His name's to be bless'd,
Yet when he removes them.
'Tis all for the best.

5 But O the blest day,
And soon 'twill arise,
When freed from my clay,
I'll mount to the skies
And when I do enter
My heavenly rest,
I'll there sing forever,
'Twas all for the best.

HYMN 119. P. M.

The Day of Judgement.

- 1 **D**AY of judgement, day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine !
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, " This God is mine."
Gracious Saviour
Own me in that day for thine !
- 3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea,
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks prepare to flee :
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee ?
- 4 Horrors past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
" Hence, accursed wretch, depart !
" Thou with Satan
" And his angels, have thy part !"
- 5 But, to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below :

Find their souls dead in wickedness,
And under condemnation :
Bright thunderbolts from Sinai's mount,
Do sound with loudest terror,
While they are lost in God's account,
O'erwhelm'd with grief and sorrow.

2 Ah, woe is me that I was born—
My soul's in grief and trouble ;
I seek for rest from night to morn,
Yet find my sorrows double.
Saith Satan, fatal is your state,
You once might have repented ;
But now you know it is too late,
So make yourself contented.

3 How can I live so much distress,
Under this sore temptation ?
I fear my day of grace is past—
Lord, hear my lamentation !
For I am weary of my life,
I long to be forgiven—
Come then, dear Saviour of the world,
And fit my soul for heaven !

4 But who is He that looketh forth,
Just like the blooming morning,
Fair as the moon--clear as the sun,
'Tis Jesus Christ adorning :
Jesus can clothe my naked soul,
Jesus for me hath died

And now I can with pleasure sing,
My wants are all supplied.

5 Now peace, and joy, and love divine,
Into my soul are flowing—
My will, O Lord be lost in thine,
While through this world I'm going ;
And when thou call'st my soul away,
I'll rise and sing in glory !
And join with all the heavenly hosts,
And cast my crown before thee.

HYMN 118. P. M.

'Tis all for the best.

1 **M**Y soul now arise, ~~and~~
My passions take wing,
Look up to the skies,
And cheerfully sing ;
Let God be the object,
In praises address'd,
And this be my subject,
'Tis all for the best.

2 Search all the world through,
Examine and see,
And what canst thou view
More suited to thee,
Than this declaration,
In scripture express'd,

6 The music is most charming,
The song forever new,
The guests have long been learning
To sound the notes most true ;
The whole will be directed
By nature's great I AM,
It is a sacred drama—
The marriage of the Lamb.

7 They need no light of candles.
Nor yet the silver moon,
The sun will be confounded,
When at the brightest noon ;
The glory of the bridegroom
Shall far outvie his rays,
Throughout the spacious building,
In one unclouded blaze.

8 No indolent spectators,
Within the walls appear,
For those who gain admittance,
Will all be actors here ;
The happy guests united,
Will form the glorious bride,
No length of time divides them.
And pleasures ne'er subside.

9 Ask you of the condition,
And who may take a share ?
The King makes free provision,

And all are welcome here ;
 The king, the lord, the debtor,
 The bondman and the slave ;
 Do but apply in season,
 Admittance you shall have.

HYMN 121. C. M.

Public Fast.

- 1 **W**HEN Abrah'm full of sacred awe,
 Before Jehovah stood ;
 And with a humble fervent prayer,
 For guilty Sodom sued :
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
 Was his petition crown'd !
 The Lord would spare, if in that place,
 Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single holy soul,
 So rich a boon obtain ?
 Great God and shall a nation pray,
 And plead with thee in vain ?
- 4 Still we are thine—we bear thy name ?
 Here yet is thine abode ;
 Long has thy presence bless'd our land—
 Forsake us not, O God !

HYMN 122. 7s.

The christian's Song.

- 1 **G**RATEFUL notes & numbers bring,
 While Jehovah's praise we sing;

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious Name ador'd.

2 Men on earth, and saints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love :
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, Celestial Goodness, hail !

3 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear
Our humble hallelujahs hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints we stand and sing.

4 Lead us to that blissful state,
Where thou reign'st supremely great :
Look with pity from thy throne,
Send the Holy Spirit down.

5 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way ;
Till we come to reign with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see,

6 Then with angels we'll again
Wake a louder, louder strain ;
There in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise.

7 There no tongue shall silent be,
All shall join sweet harmony ;

That thro' heav'ns all spacious round,
Praise to God, may ever sound.

Lord thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, Celestial Goodness, hail !

HYMN 1 2 3. P. M.

1 **C**OME all ye sons of Zion,
Who are waiting for salvation,
Have your lamps trimm'd and burning,
For behold the proclamation ;
Saying, all things now are ready,
For the poor and for the needy ;
All my fatlings now are killed,
And prepared on the table

2 Arise and get ready,
Hasten to the marriage supper,
While the bridegroom is calling,
And poor sinners are falling.
See the Lord of Life descending,
And the judgment trumpet sounding,
For to gather all the nations
'To the final judgement day.

3 O, what a happy meeting,
When salvation is completed,
And tribulations ended,
And the spotless robe prepared,
For the bride to be adorned,
In the jasper walls be crowned,

Singing, worthy is the Lamb,
In the new Jerusalem.

4 O sinners don't be doubting,
While the sons of God are shouting,
Come and join the happy army,
Then there's nothing that will harm you,
If you follow Christ the Saviour,
And break off your bad behaviour—
And repent and be converted,
You will sing his praises too

HYMN 124. 7s.

Prayer for young persons.

1 **N**OW may fervent prayer arise,
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the
skies ;

Fervent prayer will bring us down
Gracious answers from the throne.

2 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep,
'Teach the stony heart to weep ;
Let the blind have eyes to see—
See themselves—and look on thee.

3 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth ;
While the gospel call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear,

4 Show them what their ways have been ;
Show them the desert of sin ;
Then thy dying love reveal ;
This shall melt a heart of steel.

5 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run ;
Scatter darkness, clouds, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

7 Bless us all, both old and young :
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue ;
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy power, and all thy love.

The importance of time.

HYMN 125. L M.

1 **O** TIME, how few thy value weigh,
How few will estimate a day !
Days, months, and years are rolling on,
The soul neglected—and undone.

2 In painful cares, or empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys ;
Whilst death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.

3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place ?
Was it for this, his thoughts design'd
The frame of your immortal mind ?

4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashion'd all the sons of time ;
Pilgrims on earth : but soon to be—
The heirs of immortality.

5 This season of your being, know,
Is given to you, your seeds to sow ;
Wisdom's and folly's differing grain,
In future worlds, is bliss or pain.

6 Then let me every day review,
Idle or busy search it through ;
And whilst probation's minutes last,
Let every day amend the past.}

Ascriptions.

7s.

1 **G**LORY to the Father's name ;
Jesus' excellence proclaim ;
Sing the blessed Spirit's praise ;
Angels, swell the notes we raise !

8, 7, & 4.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory to the eternal Son ;
Sound aloud the spirit's praises ;
Join the elders round the throne ;
Hallelujah,
Hail the glorious 'Three in One.

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